

The Historie of

Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud-stained with these valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou dost bely him *Percy*, thou dost bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durst as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kind from me,
As will displease you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vncl.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer*?
Zounds I will speake of him, and let my soule
Want mercy if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, He empty all these veines,
And shed my deare bloud, drop by drop, in dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this vnthankfull king:
As this ingrate and cankered *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

Henry the fourth

And on my face he turn'd an eye o
Trembling euen at the name of *M*

Wor. I cannot blame him, was
By *Richard* that dead is, the next o

Nor. He was; I heard the pro
And then it was, when the vnhap
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardo
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did
To be depos'd and shortly murd

Wor. And for whose death, we
Lue scandaliz'd and foully spoken

Hot. But soft I pray you, did K
Proclame my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the crowne?

Nor. He did, my selfe did hear

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame
That wisht him on the barren mo
But shall it be that you that set the
Vpon the head of this forgetfull-
And for his sake weare the detest
Of murtherous subornation? shal
That you a world of curses vnder
Being the agents, or base second
The cordes, the laddar, or the har
O pardon if that I descend so low
To shew the line and the predica
Wherein you range vnder this sul
Shall it for shame be spoken in the
Or fill vp cronicles in time to cor
That men of your nobility and p
Did gage them both in an vnjust
(As both of you God pardon it, h
To put downe *Richard* that sweet
And plant this thorne, this canke
And shall it in more shame be furt
That you are fool'd, discarded, an
By him, for whom these shames y

And